Emotions



Dr. Roshan Saraf

13th Nov 014

Jammu.

Dear Punit gotshi

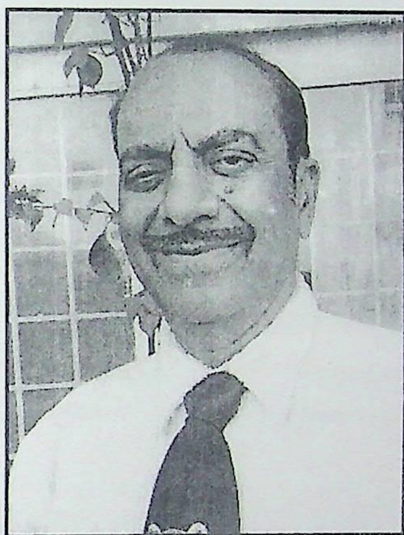
With love
and
remembrance

(

(Roshi Roshi")

Dr Roshan Sarap
Senior Consultant
Physician
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udaiwala
Bohri

EMOTIONS



Dr. Roshan Saraf

Books written by Dr. Roshan Saraf

1. *"Guru Pooza"*, 2001
2. *"Lola Aush"*, 2004
3. *Rhythmic Verses*, 2007
4. *"Sai Charnoo Mein"*, 2007

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With loads of love

25th Dec 2013

I divinely dedicate this emotional basket of my poetry to my better half "Dr. Pushpa" who as a beloved before the marriage, as a bride at the marriage, as a wife after the marriage, as a friend in my joy and sorrow stood faithful, obedient, loveable and firm besides me as a life partner. As a housewife she tolerated a writer, a poet and a musician at home when and where I am supposed to help her at the domestic corridor.

When ever I assemble my words to make a rhyme of it she as the first audience listens to it and gives a genuine and wise critic without hurting my volatile, mercurial and sentimental temperament. I am indebted to you dear as you choose a hard rough stone and curved it to a shape of some value and admiration. I pray to lord to bestow a long and healthy life to you so that we all bask under the pleasant love and affection of your passion and compassion.

Thank you dear Pushpa, thank you very much darling for the cooperation, cohesion and serene support.

We walked miles hand in hand
followed each other as per the circumstances,
stood at the back when ever and where ever,
ignored the hot temper and weak points
but highlighted the plus points with a golden grand.

Dr. Roshan Saraf

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AN ESTIMATE

It gives me great pleasure to make some brief observations on the contents and quality of Dr. Roshan Saraf's latest piece of writing, being the second compilation of his English verses, brought out under the appropriate title "Emotions"/ Having, much earlier, established his reputation as a competent poet in his mother tongue, Kashmiri, with the publication of two volumes, that earned him applause, he has now come up with a volume of novel verses in English titled "Emotions" testifying to his flair for writing in this language with ease and a sense of control that is satisfactory. He has a rich store of English vocabulary at his command and knows how best to press words into service. His poetic sensibility is reasonably modern despite his penchant for rhymed verse (eschewing free verse). I am glad to note that the first piece in volume is titled "Kashmiriat", which he obviously prizes as a son of the soil. A competent physician in his own right, he conducts himself very well as an anchor/compare when called upon to handle literary gatherings. I somehow believe that his genius will flower with the passage of time. May he live long!

Prof. A. N. Dhar

PROLOGUE

"Emotions" – A fragrant basket of some fifty three poems blossomed in a mosaic of social, cultural and religious flowers. It has inflorescence of passionate dreams, fetish fantasies, tantalizing thoughts, torrid turmoil's, teasing turbulence and some acrid aches hidden under the skeletal sepals.

It is a reminiscence of my yesteryears blended with joy and sorrow, has meek giggles and some teasing tears of separation rolling down and moistening the haggard cheeks of old age.

For years, I am away from the 'Chinar' and 'Vitasta', away from my home and hearth. I am a global traveller still I yearn for ripply Dal Lake, Mughal gardens under the 'Zabarwan' corridor and definitely the scenic beauty of my Kashmir valley. At times my aching thoughts get drenched in flowing 'Jehlum', sometimes are carried away by roaring and gushing waves of insurgency. "Emotions" has a nagging nostalgia of my home in the tarn valley, the passion of youth as green as the lush green dewy meadows and compassion of my theosophy divine and spiritual always yearn to have a deep dip in the lotus springs of tranquil temples and sacred shrines.

In dire situations, I have either taken the refuge under the Lord's lotus feet or blamed the changing scenario of fast paced time, very seldom agreed to the prophecy of destiny.

I have faith in tomorrow but am conscious too that 'tomorrow never comes', still a ray of hope that one sunny morning the daffodils of my faith will bloom and the saffron perfume will freshen my misty mind to prosperous dimensions of remaining days of my life.

I have tried to narrate the dreams, love, passion and compassion, joy and sorrow through my prolific pen and I am sure my verses will touch the core of every heart and every criticism or praise will shoot like a speeding dart.

Dr. Roshan Saraf

KASHMIRIYAT

Yes, that is the inherent fragrance
of my heritage, my composite ethos,
my secular and cultural sustenance...
Biologically characteristic genes of the parents
via placenta to the foetus
model the behavior and temperament of suckling infants...
I am Kashmiri by caste, creed and colour,
I am born in Kashmir where seers and saints
taught me to practice righteous deed and moral...
India is famous for its hospitality
but Kashmiris are a mile ahead
in protocol and in saffron flavoured fidelity...
Kashmiriyat has a melody of lilting music,
full of mystic essence with mesmerizing
effect of secular incense divine and exotic...
Kashmiryat is in ripply waves of Jehlum
where shrines and temples cool its citadels,
is in lotus springs and under the shades of Chinar so
breezy and awesome...
Kashmiriyat has a pious theosophy
where peers and sages in 'Lal Ded' and 'Shaikh-ul-Alam'
meditated and sermonized spiritual philosophy...
Kashmiriyat wears a lush green cap,
a saintly saffron attire, spirituality in the lap,
in circulation a nectar sap as it glitters on the national map...
What if some ingenuine insurgents have polluted
the flowery flavor of our paradise
still I am optimistic about tomorrow when venom will get diluted...

LET ME LIVE

My yesterday was knotted by a chaotic chain
of pathetic miseries with devil's signature and sign,
I tried to cut loose but in vain...

Let the gloomy clouds split once again
to pave way for perennial sunshine
amid coloured bow sparkling in drops of rain...

Give me a pinch of salt, pepper and grain,
a handful of coins to dilute the exodus bane
and to run the blood in the vein...

Wisdom I am yet to attain
although in a queue on cloud nine
but weak are receptors of my brain...

Ravish rage and desires of erratic wain
need a hymn to humble the lion
of my awful ego and humanity to exercise in fain...

Spiritual dew is nectar to my pernicious pain,
no need to soothe under Chinar or pine,
O Lord! Give me a charismatic goblet, divinity to maintain...

Under the prismatic arc of rainbow reign,
bless me with divine colour fair and fine
and a shower of bliss for an eternal gain...

A HUMAN MARVEL

A world beyond green meadows,
above the lanky cypress rows
but a world of imaginative poetry and prose...

Yes, above the sea level right in air,
far from the earth floating somewhere
on borrowed wings under the Lord's care...

No streams, rills, brooks and rivers,
no lakes, springs, no flyovers
but a cloudy passage belonging to heavenly powers...

Not a street, not even a narrow lane,
no noise of markets and its loss and gain
but a roar of an engine bisecting the air reign...

People young and old, men and women
seated as if in a confession
praying for safety with every breath in tension...

Restless eyes probing front and rear,
faces smiling but mind in fumes of fear,
forced to hum the hymns for the life so dear...

This is a wonder, isn't it?
such a huge electronic kit
digitally designed by human brain with wisdom and wit...

True it is – a human is God incarnated
as he has a body spiritually oxygenated
and an immortal soul divinely elevated...

LISTEN TO PASSION

All the daunting doubts and suspicions
about sex are malicious and prejudice,
unethical and accusatory aspersions...
"Who has put a label and a tattered tag
on my name and frame" – says passion,
"Who has put me on sale as if a rehash rag?"
"The one who exercises nature's act of life,
or the one who is an eunuch or has a hormonal or libido syndrome,
or he who is fake saint bullying the sharp edge of social knife"...
Yes, a lotus lives and thrives in swampy mud
because mud is its nutritional womb
but the lotus is a 'Holy Virgin' with a blooming bud...
Passion is the flame of ravish ignition
of desires, dreams and emotions,
it is the key of compassion and meditation...
God has created a human
after conjugating two genders,
sex is immortal, spiritual and not inhuman...
Whole universe is Lord's paradise,
he gave birth to a couple of divine drops
and drops multiplied in pearls of prize...
Every soul is the essence of Lord,
Lord is the incense of human pod
and 'social sex' is the eternal fragrance of God...
No need to boo it, but study it,
conquer its limitations and convert
its powers to spiritual ethos – Yes, a divine flame to lit...

SUN ON 7th MAY

On the sky arc when you rise, it is morning,
a juvenile radiance for the universe
which awakes the life after deep slumber of snoring...

Your gracious walk over the snow peaks,
your sizzling rays past the tarn creek
create a sensational hymn which world speaks...

The cool dew in humility bow to your majesty
and take a dip under the lush green valley
and ascend as a sap in the stems to witness your excellency...

The Lotus, Rose and daffodils
bloom in blossoms of fragrance and colour
while emerging from the banks of brooks and rills...

You are an 'Avatar', the world worships you,
you are the crown of Gods,
you are immortal, you have divine imbue...

What shall I call you – sparkling sun or a son
of heavens nourishing the globe
with a pious purpose with second none...

I thank heavens who blessed me with a precious sun
full of sparkle, smile and fun,
a musical ray of my orchestra in and as my obedient son...

NECTAR OF KNOWLEDGE

Be a sun and not a star
and disburse the light of wisdom
to bash the ignorance near and far...

Be an ocean and not a stream
and irrigate the barren mind
with nectar of knowledge through your glory and gleam...

Be divinely honest to progress
and make your dreams true
through hard work without a recess...

Be faithful to yourself and all
and construct a fathomless empire
so to be a darling on beck and call...

Be a royal swan and not a kite
and soar high to touch
the zenith with your professional might...

Believe me – sky is your limit,
every atom in the atmosphere has
treasure of joy in it, just grab it...

A JOVIAL DAY

With a sweet face of innocence,
you are a blooming flower
of honesty with a hybrid human essence...

A divine smile worth crystalline pearls
of love and affection
sparkling as holy beads of jewels...

Your words are sweet
nectar of knowledge,
you don't talk, you tweet...

I – stands for your immense intelligence,
a basket of sensitive incense
of blooming human inflorescence...

R – stands for royal and rational
thoughts of your radical behaviour,
nourishing its live religious radicle...

M – stands for your magical modesty,
a matey approach brimming with maturity
and in you a marvelous person of humble morality...

A – stands for your awesome ability
to tackle the hurdles with an ease authority,
you are an audacious Taurian full of virtuous agility...

For you, I pray for a merry day today,
a prosperous and healthy tomorrow
and a jubilant Happy Birthday...

AN AWFUL TRUTH

That was an awful moment
when we paced towards the car
and you waving a goodbye from your doormat...

My mind was in complete chaos and confusion,
co-ordination between brain and mind
was in effusion because of a silent lesion...

I could not step in to the car,
my limbs hesitated,
I had to drag my feet as if wounded in a war...

The distance widened and road looked hazy,
my heart was sobbing and crying mutely
as I succumbed into the seat behaving lazy and crazy...

My questions were oozing like volcanoes,
erupting from the core of my heart
and creating a rock from head to the toes...

Why didn't you accompany me to home?
why did you stay back and with whom?
have you built-up your own Rome?

During the long drive I was questioned
by my own chronic convictions,
I felt helpless and hapless, am I abandoned?

Or is it a step towards a positive progress,
to start and live a new life of your sweet dreams
and emotions without a mushy mess...

PTO

Whatever you may call it, but I am divided
by social knife of injustice
and believe me this old marvel is blinded...

Still some tears are left
to moisten my aching eyes
and to keep me alive, a truth to accept...

SILENT CRY

Moist eyes stuck to the roof,
watching nothing but still gazing
with desperate winks alone and aloof...

Not a word, not a hiss, not even a murmur
but an ocean of trauma tossing its waves
against the receptors of my cardiac server...

A moan, a hush hush silence
of grief causing dyspnea
to the respiration beyond tolerance...

I simply closed my eyes in desperation
and tried to yell at Lord
but my larynx was choked with a lump of illusion...

With all the experience of age,
I tried to console my agitation
written in black and white on the fading page...

Tears rolled down in hot and cold
with wild hiccups of deep sigh
and the gold I had was cheaply sold...

Whom shall I blame?
The dicey game of generation gap
or the rakish time impossible to tame.

INSIDIOUS INSOMNIA

Restless nights of insomnia,
no wild dreams, no fairy fantasies
but some misty moments of dementia...

I tried a pill of tranquilizer
to sedate my awful agitation
but the drug was weak and the infiltration stronger...

In desperation I opened the venetian blind
and gazed at shy stars to draw their attention
but they too looked duff and dumb as if chained from behind...

My old eyes searched for the moon
to talk about my pernicious pains
but she too was behind the clouds surging out of tune...

Are my options depleted?
Is there no remedy to my traumas?
Have I lost the game? Am I defeated?

Tumultuous thoughts kept me awake
till I heard the first chirp of cuckoo
and I closed my aching eyes just for a break...

I am not selfish to ask for sunshine
but some rain and rainbow
to share the joy and sorrow on cloud nine...

O Lord! Give me some sleep
to subdue my anxious mind
of its insidious waves whirring and deep.

FATHER IN DISGUISE

I was in a mall busy with some domestic purchases
when suddenly my mobile rang,
viewing a number not in my memory or in phonebook pages...
I thought of avoiding it because of a wrong number
but the buzzing twitter continued
forcing me to pick up the call to know the caller...
'Hello' from the line was sweet,
pleasing and humble,
it was like a soft tune of a rhythmic beat...
He broke my curiosity when he disclosed his identity,
Yes, for me a name with an inflorescence
of an umbel humanity...
He talked with a fragrance of care
blended with nectar of affection
making it a divine dose so rare...
Love was dripping from his pronunciation
and I was lucky to quench my thirst
with his benign conversation...
Some cool dew drops from my sulken eyes
rolled down my face
giving solace to my reminiscence without sobs or cries...
It was a day of excitement to me
as I felt my father from the heavens
has come down to talk to me...
I am waiting for the day to touch his feet
and receive blessings of prosperity
and divinity to abolish my ignorant sleet...

DEW ON THE PETAL

When she woke up in the morning,
opened her sleepy eyes and looked around
while steps in rhythm and anklets jiggling...

Children as expected are unpredictable,
so was my little babe who walked straight
in my lap after a dribble...

I was wondering why me, why not her mother,
her grandma, her dear father,
it was a quiz without a right answer...

She sat silently in my lap,
kissed me unexpectedly
and touched my hand with a classical rap...

I melted like a burning candle
with tears rolling down my cheeks,
perhaps love and affection to kindle...

She wiped off my senile tears
as she looked at me like a mother
without bothering my aging years...

My emotions were in a storm,
the goblet was in waves
and love dripping was sweet and warm...

And my tears could not believe
when the word 'Dadu' rang
my ear drums, a holy relation to conceive...

It was like a fresh fragrance
of morning dew surfing rhythmically
on the virgin petal, an essence to disperse...

RUSTY CHINAAR

I peeped through the hotel window
to have a scenic glimpse of the island
in the Dal lake with gigantic Chinaar in a shimmering scenario...
No, without binoculars it was not easy
to see the queen in golden red and green robe
with a rustling sound of leaves – hoarse and wheezy...
I cleaned my mental slate and decided
to have a boat ride on the water ripples
as to touch the beauty spot heavenly decorated...
Water breezed on and around the lush green corridor,
was mesmerizing, so was the morning lily in color and grace,
I hurried my steps to reach the serene shade to adore...
I looked around, there was nobody,
but me and the Chinaar in silence
as if in some grief or in a pain of acrid anxiety...
Was it my dilemma or a curious confusion
when I saw the beloved quite naked,
not a leaf on the anatomy for beautification or protection...
Believe me – it was sensuous spring all around,
youth in vigor and vitality,
but for the emblem of an ethos buried under the ground...
Within myself I hummed some enquiries –
"Why is the Chinaar shivering, the leaves charred,
as if poisoned by its own gardener to create ethnic worries"...
And to my surprise there was an echo of words –
loud and clear, an answer when I heard
"There is bloodshed around and the thunder of swords"...
"My water is polluted with rags of blood,
I am withered and rusty, I don't possess
a secular shade, my roots have decayed in prejudice mud"...

WEDDING PERFUME

A splendid winter in a bridal bloom
when environment was intoxicated
with an incense of blossoming groom...

A sudden gush in calm rills,
kissing the luscious banks
with exotic waves of passionate frills...

Marigold, lotus and rose
dressed up in customary colors,
singing a love poem in a rhythmic prose...

Within moments it was different,
youth all exotic and vibrant
with sweats of passion emitting love scent...

Beautiful bride with a dimple face,
stretched her soft hand
to her golden groom in all giggle and grace...

As such a mesmerizing occasion,
Love Birds chirped a melody of companionship
while exchanging the garland of compassion...

Yes! An engineer got married
to a doctor of his choice
and amid sacred hymns were wedded...

Under the Lord's auspicious feet,
lovely couple knelt and prayed
for the prosperous joy – solemn & sweet...

SUN – THE ILLUSTRIOUS SON

I woke up in the morning and saw the skywomb torn,
the bygone night was exhausted, tired and worn
but a ray of dazzle – Yes, the sun was just born...

I smelled the fragrance of thousand roses,
heard the sweet chirp in rhythm and proses
and was intoxicated with the scenic moses...

I knew as the day progresses, you will shine,
you will bash the chill after seven, eight and nine,
I know for sure you will be all around with your sizzling sign...

The demon clouds will put the thunderous obstacles,
will spit the venom with vicious tentacles
but you will have your last laugh and will imprint your miracles...

Who doesn't feel your holy heat and lofty light,
your sustained warmth and mega might,
your glittering rays in golden and white...

By God, every morning we are eager to see you,
peep through the windows to find your clue,
for your sustenance pray with folded hands in a queue...

AN AURA TO RADIATE

Lit the candle of hope to bash the darkness,
slice the cake of hard work to taste its sweetness
and celebrate today for tomorrow's happiness...

Whistling winds will pull all its might
to extinguish the flicker left and right
but it is the verve and vigour which has to win the fight...

As the night progresses the candle will melt
with the time, strength and stamina knelt
but you have to collect your courage and tighten your belt...

Sure is he/she who is not coward or shy,
concentrates on the spot without a cry
and hits with precision straight into the bull's eye...

I can hear the sweet whisper of your heart –
so rhythmic, melodious and soft,
it tells me story of an angel who rides a golden cart...

You are the immortal flame of the sun's rays,
your aura is radiant and glittering beyond praise,
you are the citadel of a realm born to clear the haze...

Let wisdom be your all time friend,
success be your goal without any bend,
let you live long with external blessings till the far end...

DEVIL'S FLOG

It was 19th Jan 1990, a wintery chill in zing,
the night dumb and black entangled in a devilish ring
and the hush hush silence empowered by an apartheid king...

Thousands like me were enjoying the warmth of warm comforts
when suddenly an owl whistled its hoot across the peace resorts
bashing the sweet harmony with slushy communal dirts...

The hoot was grisly shriek to demolish and disintegrate
the culture, heritage and the bondage of brotherhood to vacate
the valley of saints and sages, a chaos in the meadow state...

The noise was followed by an echoing uproar,
camouflaging the atmosphere, heart beats to soar,
shaking the human nest with thumping knock at the door...

A community with dumb tongue and moist eyes
were flogged out of their beds with a warning noise
either to mingle with the insurgents or demolish with a huge cut in size...

What could the wise do – to abide by or to run away?
To sell his live treasures and become a convert gay?
or perish under an apartheid boot on a doom's day...

KPs – the guinea pigs, the scape goats trembled
like withering leaves with shaking roots and stems fumbled
under the prejudice load of insurgents, calmly humbled...

That was the day and date when the last march started,
when the mass exodus, the migration started,
when KPs lost their homes and hearth and turbulence started...

FREEDOM WITHIN

Freedom is a subject in thought and mind,
it has an emotional burst soft and kind,
it talks, listens and views although dumb and blind...

Freedom is like a caged bird ready to tear
the shackles and fly
deep and high in the vast sky...

Freedom is like a sweet dart
apt to pierce the beloved's heart
and sharp enough to hit the passionate pot...

Freedom is like a harp with silver strings
waiting for the ebullient fingers
to create a melody of music with golden rings...

Freedom is like a flowing rill
impatient to merge with a divine will
hitting the obstructions of roaring whirl...

Freedom is like a pious fire hot and bright,
a shining sword naked, sharp and white,
a flame so luminous, emitting nothing but light...

Freedom is like a song sweet and melodious,
luring the hearts with tunes so delicious,
a rhythm so mesmerizing and precious...

Freedom is like aromatic air – fair and fresh
to oxygenate the asphyxiated with a pleasing gush,
relaxing the spasm and clearing the slush...

Freedom is the desire sacred and passionate,
a devotion, a meditation to irrigate
the barren land, a divine crop to generate...

DAY TO CELEBRATE

The singing birds danced and chirped,
sang a melody of joy,
the spring breeze whispered
and said – "Hey! It is your Birthday"...

The dew on the lush green twinkled
like white virgin pearls looking coy,
the swinging daffodils bloomed
and said – "Look, it is your Birthday"...

Pink lotuses at pink dawn blossomed
into a cheerful, virile looking boy,
the shimmering rills and brooks flowed
and said – "O dear! It is your Birthday"...

Youthful spring in colour and splendour variegated
with musky fragrance and rosy perfume to enjoy,
every colour of a rainbow heavenly decorated
and in a shower said – "It is your Birthday"...

Sun on a white chariot erupted
with glittering rays of gold to deploy
the warmth and dazzle uninterrupted
and every gracious ray said –"It is your Birthday"...

We with profound love and affection
send you tons of blessings without a deflection
we pray to Lord to bestow you prosperity in perfection
ana wisdom to perfume without any correction...

A GOLDEN PACKAGE

Just two days away to full moon day
when thousands were trekking to see the Lord at His snow bay,
walking miles, crossing hurdles to have a glimpse of the beaming ray...

Valley was in festive bloom and the fragrance just immaculate,
atmosphere frenzic and air compassionate,
that was your arrival on this planet, so cute and delicate...

Yes, every organism's birth is God's will,
sometimes special and sometimes dotted lines to fill
and your I suppose is a deliberate move of eternal angel...

Atmosphere was surcharged with Lord's hymns in bugle and bell,
every piety was humming and chanting His grace in ritual,
it was as usual, annual, devotional and special...

Your musky eyes attractive – blinking in a gracious grace,
my moist eyes were tucked on your rosy face
but my fingers were crossed as my heart was in irrhythmic pace...

I still see you the same small wonder boy,
doing all the odds and evens as a naughty boy,
playing pranks and mocks with versatility like a golden boy...

Yes, you have grown in age with wisdom vintage,
you have relished the success and defeat without eroding a page,
you have controlled your whims and pulverized your ravish rage...

As a father, I know your mental and physical prowess,
your wise dictum with a thought so genius,
I know your parameters, your movements more or less...

PTO

My wanting eyes are apt to see you shine like immortal gold,
always malleable, ductile and ready to conditional mould,
so preserve the lust and colour and brighten up manyfold...

Definitely the greed of your prosperity makes me selfish,
for your sustained success, I have an appetite and taste to relish
because to see you at zenith is my prayer and wish...

Let me live enough to bask under your radiance,
to liven up the amnesic thoughts and senile age under your brilliance
because child is the father of man in the realm of human governance...

DROP OF PASSION

First drop of monsoon rain –
moist and cool, soothing,
body to ease the itchy pain
on the chapped skin, surfing
like a twinkling pearl
initiating a sense of passion
and injecting a verve dose to
the youth in wane.
I looked into the sky
partly cloudy low and high
assembling its dark forces so shy
to invade the blue canvas.
The heavy movement of thundering
clouds and the flashing lightening
sound its final bugle to
pour the moist showers to
soothe the blazing planet,
dry surface to wet
and elevate the mood in
young hearts and virile body to
meet, romance, correct the grin
and quench the thirst of
love and passion in an intoxicating fashion...

TO BE WITH YOU

With a heavy heart and an aching tear
in the wanting eyes to be with you and share
the joy and happiness Oh dear...

My wandering thoughts travel like a nomad,
with irrhythmic pace and gait I walk like a mad
and I curse the huge distance which makes me so sad...

I count seconds, minutes and hours,
days and months of monsoon showers
and to be with you, Yes with a smile of rosy flowers...

You have graduated in your knowledge,
luring love, absolute obedience in a devotional college,
you dispel the wisdom, experience and fragrant deeds
like mosaic foliage...

You have potential to touch the zenith,
you have the quality, verve and pertinent pith,
you are a genius, Yes able to divert and dilute the myth...

You have with you the time and the days
under your command are the opportune rays,
let the gold within gold shine and collect the due praise...

On such an auspicious day,
I pray for your success which is right there at your bay
waiting for your move with your footmarks to stay...

MISTAKE WITH A SMILE

In an era of remix, sometimes lunar and solar
placements conjugate to create an occasion worth a million dollar...

Within myself I was thinking how to cook yellow rice
as it is an auspicious ritual told by a wisdom voice...

As I was wandering with my tense thoughts,
trying to get hold of the criss-cross knots...

Suddenly I heard a knock at the door
and somebody in a fairy dress was standing and looking
gorgeous and much more...

Unable to recognize the lady so beautiful
with musky eyes and a beaming smile so wonderful...

She had a tray with varied bowls
emitting delicious fragrance under the towels...

I forgot to ask her to come in
which she did of her own, an appreciation to win...

I was excited because of the God's intervention
so timely, immaculately with a purposeful intention...

She in a soft voice said – "Sir, this is for you"
and placed the bowls on my dining table in a queue...

She in her elegance winked and left my house
putting me in a puzzle with mouth open and raised brows...

PTO

I pounced on the dishes like a hungry beggar
and found yellow rice and rissole baked in onion and vinegar...

I relished the food and thanked that human angel
for the divine delicacies without paying the bill...

Next morning I had a bigger surprise regal and royal,
by mistake neighbour's food was delivered to me but with a smile...

A DAY OF COMPASSIONATE ZING

A day of joy and merry
when kinky gloom and teasing worry
are pulverized hard and smashed into curry...

A day to sing and dance
the tune of exotic romance
when body and soul transcendents into trance...

A day of celebrations,
frenzic moments of jubilations
and passion to enhance compassionate deliberations...

A day to awake and resuscitate,
forgetting failures and marking a new date
to conquer the heights and carve the fate...

A day to take a solemn oath
to be brave with both
failures and success henceforth...

A day to spend some immortal moments
of togetherness and repair the dents
of turbulences with sympathetic liniments...

A day of benevolent blessing,
a day of emotional kissing
and a day to remember because of your birthday zing...

DEW OF ROMANCE

Monsoon breeze moist and virgin,
swiping the skies with clouds of passion
to soothe the atmosphere of its chagrin...

A shower of relief for the virile mates,
carrying a sensuous splash of romantic dew
urging the itch and opening the smoggy gates...

Impatient souls pushing the windows open,
stretching their dry palms
to collect some pearls and feel the cool bliss of heaven...

Curious glances looking for peacock's dance
as to attract its beloved
to play the mesmerizing romance...

Brooks and rills swell, over-stepping its shore,
rivers and lakes with their open bossom
receive the ravish flow to calm the youthful roar...

Some desperates waiting for a door knock
as their hearts beat emotionally
to greet the spouse in a conjugate lock...

Love birds pray to Rain-God to have a thunderous gush
of heavy downpour of exotic pleasure
so that body and soul succumbs to a passionate crush...

WARMTH OF SUSTENANCE

The stars, the moon are in queue
but brightest is the sun in you...

You are high and above,
you are the 'Himalaya' of care and love...

All the seasons are your favourite,
sustenance of life goes to your credit...

Your every ray warms my shivering body,
it gives strength and stamina to my shoddy melody...

Your words of genuine wisdom
clear the suspicions of my illiterate kingdom...

Your presence in and around
makes me feel fit and sound...

Clouds, eclipses, wind and rain
confront you desperately but in vain...

We are sure of your bright tomorrow,
you are creative, innovative, you do not borrow...

You have blessings of the Lord,
you will prosper that is the whisper of God...

REVA – THE SPLENDID STAR

A star is born to shine
on the horizon to emit
immense light to mark its sign...

A constant companion of the moon
dazzles without heat and fire,
it is luminous, twinkles in celestial tune...

It spreads brightness to the earth
from the sacred heavens
to brighten the night without any dearth...

You look so sweet, O sparkling baby,
you are an immortal
flickering genius like a regal ruby...

You are majesty of the heavens,
a torch bearer to bash the
darkness in all odds and evens...

Mother moon washes you
at dusk with milky rays
and pours milk and 'Sherine' to sweeten you...

I am eager to fondle
such a wonderful gorgeous gift
with immense love and care in my lap girdle...

A MYSTIC SERMON

On an august day I met an auspicious angel
who said – "I live quite far
around the sea shore whirl"...

With a giggling dimple
on her smiling face,
she was looking sweet and lovely but simple...

She talked in a murmur
as if a twitter of a singing child
which sounded a rhythmic song to the ear...

She as like a gracious fairy, decorated in a live frame,
dazzling like a pearl on the surface,
I softly asked her – "Dear what is your name?"

With a huge smile she replied,
"I am dazzle of your aura,
I am shadow of your progress and pride"...

"So young and so wise , how come?"
I was mesmerized by her mystic reply
as if Mother Goddess in a sermon so awesome...

I went closer to know more
of her, but Alas! It was not possible
because I was in midnight dreamy snore...

17th DAY OF BLOOMING MAY

I waited with perennial patience
and prayed to heavens to bless
us with an angel of human fragrance...

Lucky I was when on a spring day
I peeped through my window
and saw a 'blooming lily' at my garden bay...

I was astonished to find
such a colorful flower
of immense perfume but of a different kind...

A wonderful flower with a stunning dimple,
some poetic lines carved on velvety petals,
Yes, a giggling beauty charming but simple...

In curiosity, I ran down like a frenzic,
trying to believe the dream perhaps,
Yes, I touched the stem and calyx of green and pink...

Can you believe, a spark from the skies
converted the 'lily' into a human doll
and carved it to perfection till the sunrise...

Amazing that was, a beautiful girl
emerged and jumped into my lap
smiling brightly like a precious pearl...

That is 17th of May, always to remember,
a day of spring, tossing the song for her,
a day of spring to adore and fondle the lovely daughter...

SOOTHING DEW

Just a minute away to celebrate the year
of new and virgin hopes of genuine desires,
joy and happiness to share...

Let optimism be our inbuilt character,
to hope for the brighter sun shine
after every dark and gloomy night of fear...

Yes, the terror of militancy and horror of insurgency
is a worrying subject world over
which has trampled the human conservancy...

Let us wake up now from the lethargy
and slumber and wear
the escutcheon of courage and unity...

Thwart the devilish designs
and vicious hiss
of insurgents with Indian tri-colour signs...

Take a vow to be a sharing partner and a caring parent,
a loving brother and a noble friend,
an obedient son and a wise student...

Pray - the pebbles of discomfort
to transform into soothing dew
of compassion to ease the aches and clean the dirt...

5th SEP – THE UNFORGETTABLE

A chirp on the window,
a song in the twitter,
neither a bulbul nor a dove
but a merry bird with a crown of glitter...

I was amazed to see
such a wonderful beauty,
multi-feathered was she –
Yes, a masterpiece of nature's glory...

I slowly got up to touch her,
to be nearer and listen
the melody of the blooming summer
and to know the awakening call and the reason...

I was wondering which celebration
is she reminding me,
humming a tune for which occasion,
may be a festivity of cake and tea...

My brain waves went into wilderness
and started thinking
of someone's birthday to guess –
some shakes, some hip hops and some singing...

PTO

While I was wondering whose Birthday,
my telephone rang
and a sweet voice said – "It is today,
how come, forgetting my solar day?"

Yes, it is Happy Birthday of sweet Reva baby,
a day to celebrate
in and around your bay of prosperity
and to be blessed on this special day and date...

O angel baby! Let sky to shower
the blissful dew
of wisdom and simplicity
and a long healthy life of wisdom to live...

AND YOU WERE BORN

You were born when
rejoicing spell with cool showers
of monsoon soothe the blaze
of humid atmosphere
and blossom the hibernating flowers...

You were born when
dehydrated streams and meadows
suddenly receive a gush
of rain quenching the thirst
of brooks and rills with a flowing punch dose...

You were born when
ripe fruits after a hot summer
open their virgin bossoms'
sweet nectar to fill up
their goblets with a vintage admixture...

You were born when
nasty red hot sky
unable to stop the
invasion of black clouds
forcing it to surrender with a deep sigh...

You were born when
cuckoo, pigeon and bulbul
hum the holy hymn of 'Lord Barfani'
emerging in the mountain cave
as a towerıng 'Ice Ling' beautiful and delightful...

You were born when
pleasant drizzle on deserted passion
produce a vitalizing punch
vibrating lethargic body and sulky soul
to conjugate without any hesitation...

A mesmerizing moment ,I call it a philosophical day,
when rainbow gets a golden ray,
when nature creates a golden bay
to celebrate such a special and golden birthday...



GOLD IS GOLDEN

Gold is gold, nothing but gold,
without incense it attracts
deities and humans manifold,
it is immortal and is ornamental for young and old...

It is precious, it is lustrous,
it sparkles, it glitters,
it has ascending value,
it is ductile, it is glorious...

Fire cannot destroy it,
rust cannot taint it,
sun and rain cannot sting it,
water cannot dilute or absorb it...

It is very dear to men and women,
it adds to their beauty,
makes them gracious and gorgeous,
it has cent percent collection of ten out of ten...

From head to toe,
from hair locks to ankles,
on nose and ears –
it can be bedecked in jewels for a friend but not to foe...

Like a Spanish punch, it is always new,
with the life it is to live
to decorate rich and poor
on the surface like the morning dew...

LONE TRAVELLER

It was hard to believe
that it was me and my dim shadow
walking lonely on traumatic roads
desperately forcing my tired legs
to pull on, to conquer a mile, ambitions to conceive...

When I started I thought it will be a merry journey,
a joy to walk and talk with friends,
a fun to enjoy every step of companionship,
some precious memories to load in synaptic reset
but never imagined such a selfish travel mockery...

I was surprised to find even my shadow
dwarfed at dusk to create chaos and confusion
to make me believe the callousness,
selfishness, imprudence, unwillingness
and unfaithfulness to a sacred vow...

I sat alone in murky lights,
counted gains and losses with fumbling fingers,
looked to skies watching shooting stars
and sobbed in desperation as I was far from the towering heights...

The one who took an oath of sincerity
around the sacred fire under the chanting hymns,
forgot to keep the promise of togetherness
in joy and sorrow, was no way near to console
my teasing turbulence of old age adversity...

PTO

I can't look back where I started,
can't think of the distant destination
which looks like a mirage in the desert,
can't order my weak and fragile limbs
futilely medicated, massaged and padded...

Alas! The human culture inhuman and unethical,
unbelievable, not trustworthy,
not ready to share the sting of grief,
not in a mood to travel with you
and support withering days of the life cycle...

A DREAM TO BELIEVE

Once I looked into the starry sky,
gazed the galaxy bright and high,
but I don't know why...

Unaware of the unknown reason,
I watched the rhythmic twinkle
and flicker on the overhead horizon...

It was an amazing moment
when I saw a shooting star
piercing the air space like a lightening current...

Suddenly the set changed on the stage,
I found myself in a different world,
a world of bright pearls and gems; Yes, as if in a golden age...

I couldn't believe when I saw bright beauty
sucking her tiny thumb in a silver cradle
and me pulling the golden string, doing my requisite duty...

Such a fairy princess in my room,
dressed in sparkling plush
and a dazzling crown with a golden plume...

Goodness me! What was it - a reverie or a hallucination?
or an overnight thought of imagination,
or an age old longing to have a girl child in coming generation?

Yes! It is a truth we have a baby girl,
a live lovely doll with browny hair curl,
she to us is a splendor sensation, a precious pearl...

SMILING DOLL

Sheena Sheena darling,
Hello, good morning,
Baby doll is rocking,
Hello, good morning...

You are simply precious,
you are glittering gracious,
you are always smiling – Sheena Sheena darling...

You are our princess
in a sparkling white dress,
wearing a diamond ring – Sheena Sheena darling...

Little angel of our dreams,
our heart throb it seems,
so cute and loving – Sheena Sheena darling...

Shining brightly low and high,
twinkling below the sky,
you have Lord's blessing – Sheena Sheena darling...

Mom will lull you in her lap
till you get a sweet nap,
melody songs she will sing – Sheena Sheena darling...

'Bhaiya', 'Papa' and 'Grandpa',
'Mama' and 'Grandma',
watch the toddling – Sheena Sheena darling...

BIRTHDAY BABY

Dear O dear, you are one year old,
bright and precious like gold,
soothing like milky marble and moon like cold...

We call you 'Sheen' – the snow white crystal,
we call you 'Sherine' – the sweet white crystal
and we call you 'Reva' – the glittering white crystal...

Yes, we are miles away from you,
unable to splash you with your due
but hustling to be in the optimistic queue...

You are a darling baby,
you are our sparkling gem, our radiant ruby
and you are the tune of my lilting lullaby...

Your grandma is in disbelief,
she is sad, she is in grief,
she sobs, she yells and looks like a withered leaf...

And me, helpless and hapless,
not to be around you to see your birthday dress
but Lord will flush the moss and clear the mess...

Soon I shall fondle you in my warm lap,
decorate a golden feather in your silver cap
and feed you with delicious soup and sap...

Our pure love and a sweet kiss,
a prayer for your long life and a shower of bliss
and a sermon of prosperity but in a hiss...

DAWN OF PEACE & PROSPERITY

The bygone year with joy and sorrow,
profit and loss, net and gross
is lost in past and buried under the frozen snow...
    Smiling lily of dewy morning
    in exotic colour and virginity,
    tossing the curvy anatomy with a gracious zing...
The first ray of sun in the cradle,
accompanied by an auspicious aura
of brightness with a sparkling golden girdle...
    Smoke of dark night and its pungent
    smell vanishing in bubble and vapour,
    creating a sense of optimism with an intoxicating scent...
Bulbul in virile youth and vigour,
flipping the wings and cleaning
its hiccup to sing a song of a romantic genre...
    Men, women, old and young
    of all creeds and castes
    humming a prayer of love with a sweat tongue...
Men with arms raised towards the heaven
and women in humbleness and humility,
waiting for a blissful shower from 'Paradise Seven'...
    Let's pray in a universal shrine,
    meditate and worship the Lord,
    divine nectar to drink and ambrosia to dine...
That is the dawn I am looking for,
A year of peace and prosperity I yearn for
and honourable return to the Valley I am waiting for...

NEW YEAR OF MY DREAMS

On the eve of new dawn I had a nippy nap
when I saw a sensational calendar
for the year with dazzling description of a prosperous map...

January – with a melody of joy and happiness,
forgetting chilly spells of the bygone year
and dancing in tune and rhythm without any prejudice or grievance...

February – all castes and creeds assembled in a hall,
bedecked with divine mark of Om, Allah and Christ's cross
and humming one hymn of eternal Lord without bias and brawl...

March – when off springs of hibernating daffodils
try hard to split the earth's top,
perfuming the dew surface of brooks-n-rills...

April – the passionate prince of spring on green velvet,
taking a joy ride all over the meadows
from pleasant sunrise to golden sunset...

May – blossoms blooming from belle bossom
of the passionate hearts,
attracting thirsty souls with its flavoring magnetism...

June – the vigorous month of sun's blaze
when glaciers melt in humility,
when lakes, springs and oceans roar in virile craze...

July – in comes the soothing shower of monsoon,
inviting sun to play hide and seek
under glittering aura of rainbow and rain in tune...

PTO

August – when earth in lush green virginity,
juicy stems opening their gynoecia,
emitting the perfume to embrace the virility...

September – when fruits and flowers bent in humbleness
greet the nature
with nectar of vitamins and mesmerizing incense...

October – time to harvest the hard work,
time to unite and promise not to lurk,
time to sing and dance in a rhythmic jerk...

November – the month of festive celebrations,
month of 'Ganapati', 'Navratri' and 'Diwali',
month of worship and meditations...

December – time to count friends and forgive foes,
time to probe within our hearts
and clean mush and moss with a divine dose...

A RHAPSODIC OCCASION

It was a cool day of January
and I was wearing all the woolen stuff
to protect my fragile body and old age,
already senile and weary...

I don't know whether I was humming
a hymn or lost in my nostalgic dreams
when suddenly my better half yelled at me
and said – "Don't you know your phone is ringing?"

Like an obedient husband I picked up the phone,
tried to recognize the voice which was
almost forgotten due to passage of time
but it sounded like a familiar tone...

I was thrilled and excited
when he disclosed his identity
and asked me to make a move
to Mumbai for a re-union on a date already decided...

Suddenly the chill vanished and spring
with a pleasant breeze flushed
my withered face and I felt
young and agile with my desires blooming...

The meeting belonged to a professional class
where some old, some very old
but cheerful persons hiding their chronic ailments
celebrated their happy moments with cheers on a wine glass...

PTO

It was a divine feast of love bondage
blended in a ravish recipe of affection,
spicy memories, sumptuous gravy
of a genre without even a hiccup of an old age...

There were friends only and no foes,
no professional rivalry, not a word of acridity
but an optimistic promise to be connected
on the Facebook till we meet with a passionate rose...

I was lucky to be alive this day,
who knows about tomorrow as I am already grey,
still I pray to Almighty to give me grace
of some years as to be a participant on the next love bondage bay...

VALENTINE'S UNIVERSAL LOVE

21st century is full of tension and trauma,
not a soul without chaos and confusion,
still some hearts beat with a love aroma...

Love birds chirp melody of a love song,
they flip their wings on a rhythm all along,
attracting their mates on a sensuous love gong...

It is not the card with a romantic quotation,
not only a rose twig with a scenty spray but a
thought of care and concern with a humble presentation...

Love is not a vulgar poster to be spitted or stoned,
Love is not naked to be exhibited for slush and dirt,
Love is beautiful, honest, faithful and a sacred word...

Valentine's love is a symbol of compassion,
it belongs to the kingdom of love and affection,
it is not for a particular age, sex or religion...

Rose is a rose, it is a passionate prose,
can be presented to a beloved darling
and to the lotus feet of 'Holy Mother' dipped in a
compassionate dose...

The rose to dear Mother or to a darling dame,
to a father, brother or to an affectionate sister
can have a different colour but love perfume has to be same...

Let us all assemble in a sacred hall,
pray to Lord to bestow us with frank love
of brotherhood and to be ready at anybody's beck and call...

8th MARCH – WOMEN'S DAY

I saw in you a moral mother
when you conceived me for nine months
and nourished me in blood without a bother...

Day in and day out I tore your soft teats
all those years of toddling but you calmly
cradled me with your heart beats...

As a sister, your care and affection
whether old or younger is a
symbol of love carved in pure perfection...

I saw you as my beloved wife,
showering all the passion and compassion
in a shower of companionship without any strife...

You take charge of my overall affairs,
relieving my dear mother of her mental worries
and exhaustion, diluting all my frail years...

As a cute and lovely daughter,
you entertained me with your mocks and pranks,
wiped my tears and made me a proud father...

A man if in a male chauvinistic ego
tries to dominate the world of equality,
then he is challenging the cosmic authentication of virgo...

The universe and our pious earth
is a supreme gender ruled by
Mother Goddess incarnated as a woman by birth...

PTO

I salute you the 21st century women
for helping in my economy, prosperity, joy and sorrow,
sharing my burden and portraying me as an ace acumen...

Thank you Almighty God for creating
such a beautiful gender blended with grace
and poise seated as a queen but ruling like a king...

I AM STILL A CHILD

As an infant I was taught to believe
that every woman despite her age
is to be treated like a mother, a sister
or a daughter – Yes! a bother of
an ill advice, hard to conceive...

Sacred is not the relation
but the thought in animation,
in holy diverse dispensation,
in delicate deliberation, in distinct dispersion –
the way Lord had with Gopis in composite compassion...

Okay, I am past sixty but live and hot,
my side burns are graying, hair line receding
but still ravished for passion;
I am still an emotional robot
and by God I am still a child by heart...

My admiration for beauty is cent-per- cent,
I enjoy the fresh fragrance of daffodils,
I get frenzic at melodious music,
I get furious at an ugly remark,
I don't have patience, I am still a child by temperament...

I have a fancy for delicious foods,
sweet tooth for sweet meat and salad – fresh and neat,
protein is precious – it protects and suits me,
Tuesdays disturb me, make me unhappy
as I am still a child by moods...

PTO

At times I am entangled in criss-cross knots,
whimsical by all sorts,
unable to fill in on the prescribed dots,
hesitant to clear the field with clean shots,
although I have developed by frame but still a child by thoughts...

On the streets, at home or elsewhere,
people call me 'uncle' which sounds
like a carbuncle on the hairy chest,
an irritating wrinkle on the facial crust,
I feel like hitting them hard as I am still a child in gleeful attire...

I am obedient, faithful in east or west,
a singing bird comfortable in the nest,
like to soar high in the skies,
I am a workaholic with zing and zest
I am innocent but a chiseled child at its best...

REFRACTION IN JEHLUM

Jehlum is the aorta of Kashyap Valley,
irrigating and oxygenating
anatomy of its banks and belly...

A serpent river created by the God
in the tarn bossom and purified
with dew of nectar from the auspicious pod...

Lord had no choice but to send in
the incarnated 'Maa Sharda' as the
Supreme Mother to bash the sinner and the sin...

Besides the intoxicating breeze of flowing beauty
and under the cool shade of mighty 'Chinaar',
sages and saints meditated and attained divinity...

Purity and holiness of sacred Jehlum
can be ascertained by finding temples and shrines
on its dewy banks as an ethical and religious emblem...

During the hot summer, it refrigerates the radiant rays
of sun and at night embraces the milky moon
in a scenic reflection to earn an awesome praise...

But I am talking of yester years; Jehlum cries,
sobs, inures, shrieks as on today
and complains of ethnic rubble, she decries...

She is a lump of rubbish now, can't respire,
a swampy heap of hatred and prejudice,
can't whisper her aches, even her bossom is on fire...

PTO

She wants to weep but her tears
are washed away by the gushing
whirlpool of refractive fears...

She with her numb and fumbling limbs is unable
to feel the shimmer and cool ripples of its cultural density,
she is cursed by a 'black witch' making her dull and uncharitable...

She in her nostalgic murmur says –"I was young at ninety,
a virgin in purity, heaven's antiquity
but now I am a marsh of prejudice fluidity"...

23rd MARCH – THE MARTYR'S DAY

Yes, as an Indian, every soul young and old
should recite and remember 23rd March like a hymn
of Martyr's glory when Bhagat Singh became brave and bold...

He sacrificed his precious life
along with Rajguru and Sukhdev
for the sake of Indian freedom under the British knife...

I am afraid to write – many of our legislators
will be unaware of the martyrdom of our trinity heroes
who gave India the freedom and power to ministers...

The volumes and the cultural page
of our country's history has saintly incense
of secular, social and human essence of harmonious heritage...

Subhash Chandra Bose, Lala Lajpat Rai with verve of revolution –
the heroes of martyrdom who are unsung soldiers
and of course the Mahatma are the immortal icons of our liberation...

To remember and to respect our auspicious occasions
is what every Indian is supposed to practice
not with a rose stick but with a bouquet of scented traditions...

Wake up India, wake up youth to salute
our freedom fighters with petals of love
and dew of tears as a humble homage in mute...

SULKY SIGH

O Lord! Universe calls you all merciful,
beautiful, bountiful and blissful,
they worship you because they adore you,
then why misery and anguish so dreadful?
    You created men and women
    and the incarnations on this planet
    to dilute the suffering and trauma,
    then why disease and despondency malignant and wen?
Your devotees built shrines of theosophy,
temples of devotion, mosques of worship,
carved mute stones to describe you a God,
then why ailments, derailments and acute agony?
    Your pieties climbed impossible rock cliffs,
    walked miles of blazing deserts,
    pilgrim glaciers and icicles of faith,
    then why grief and sorrow with hagridden hiccups and smoggy sniffs?
If you are benignly benevolent,
savior, sagaciously pious,
an origin and ultimate of life,
Then why do you count sins, O sacrosanct?
    A human is a puppet and is governed
    and played by your eternal realm,
    good and bad is the proposed process of life,
    then why mournful and ache ridden end?
Why don't you make it simple O God?
why dire dependence at the end?
why tragedy, wailing and travesty?
why not a peaceful departure of soul from the withered pod?

A MURMUR

I tried very hard to overcome
the limitations and the fears,
I boosted my shaking confidence
but my fumbling tongue always behaved numb and mum...
    I wept, yelled, sobbed and could not sleep,
    was restless, moaning with
    pernicious pain, an undiagnosed disease
    which physicians said – "There is some strange beep in the deep"...
But I knew my ailment very well,
it was out of the excellence of physicians,
saints and seers and peers,
Yes, I was in love which I could not tell...
    Spatting waters and the ravish current
    of roaring waves and its whirlpool
    I bisected with power and perfection
    but that notion was erased on the luscious front...
Believe me, in front of the mirror I rehearsed quite often,
like a clown, mocked and crammed many a verses,
took advisory notes from the seniors,
still failed in nailing the King's coffin...
    But it was this day some fifty years ago
    when she snatched the waiting words of passion
    from my buccal saliva and kindled
    an everlasting flame of an affair with a love logo...
Yes, she murmured a word suddenly
which surfed on my hesitant lips impatiently,
by God! I was coy with immense joy
thinking how come my lack lustre luck behaving romantically...

PERHAPS

My words in black and white,
drenched in dust and haze,
smitten with ugly dugly bite...

On old and rough paper,
torn and worn at margins,
corners inverted and moth cutting in deeper and deeper...

Isn't it difficult to read
the fading words of a para
and the mushy mosaic of muddy weed...

I wrote under the murky light
of smoky candles but the people around
alleged – "Has wasted one more sleepy night"...

In chilly winters my fingers went numb,
in summer drenched in humid sweats
but my thirsty mind was offered a drink of snub...

Amid my relatives and friends,
I sang my heart out in muse melody
but believe me – "The hall was in echo with vacant stands"...

"A man in-charge of the house
is supposed to do the domestics
but not to be writing lethargy" – thinks my spouse...

Shall I hang my gloves
and desert the arena for good
or shall I sharpen my mind and pen, appreciation to arouse...

AH! MY YOUTH

Is it within a twinkle of an eye
or have the years passed by
that my rampage youth is in snowy dye?

My shimmering mirror till yesterday
behaved like me, mimicked with a friendly smile
but today I am in refraction with a haggard ray...

Is my back in a pernicious bend or is the mirror broken?
When has my hair line receded?
How come my dimple cheeks in wrinkles and expression sullen?

It takes me hours to shave my smoky beard,
to tweeze out the unwanted follicles,
to makeup my dull face with cucumber and curd...

Not a whisper by the road side,
not a wink of a feminine glance,
not a rave remark or a requisition of a wild ride...

When did it happen, it is awful now,
is it a bad dream or a truth in reality,
just yesterday I played and conquered the romantic
peaks with love...

Till mid-day, I was in fragrant fame,
sun set brought me an irritating name,
people call me 'uncle' now, whom shall I blame?

People say – "I am fuddy, duddy, ugly and old,
frazzled, frozen and ice cold",
they don't feel my flamboyance and in it the spark of gold...

TWO SIDES OF A COIN

I stepped down the plane,
collected my whatever luggage,
came out of the aerodrome corridor
and was pleased to see my friend waiting in pouring rain...

He was with his teenage son in jeans and jacket,
gazing at me with probing eyes
because the teenager wanted to see
his father's friend dear and pet...

Shafi my school and college mate
with exhausted excitement
hugged me with all the love and affection
and gazed at my anatomy till we left the gate...

But his son was looking around with curiosity
for somebody else when he asked his father –
"Where is your Pandit friend?
We are supposed to receive him as a priority"...

His inquisition and the subject matter
was crystal clear and I replied
without waiting for Shafi to answer –
"I am your father's Pandit friend, a doctor-cum-writer"...

Young boy was surprised to see me,
he hesitantly shook his hands with me,
with his sharp eyes X-rayed me
and with a yell said – "Father! He looks like you and me"...

PTO

The boy was a ninety born so this was expected
of him and I rapidly took over and asked –
"Have you never seen a Pandit before?
Touch me and feel the Kashmiri warmth unadulterated"...

I continued my conversation and said –
"Muslims and Pandits are two sides of the same coin,
having a composite culture of theosophical heritage,
blessed by seers and saints who meditated on Jehlum bed"...

After a long time I felt the fragrance of my hearth intoxicating,
moist with cool dew of nectar
with an echo of breezing prayers and believe me,
my friend's compound with lush green 'Tulsi' was blooming...

NAKED FLAMES OF ABSOLUTE TRUTH

In grief and sorrow I was watching the pyre
without a puff or a curl of smoke
but ravish rage of a funeral fire...
Yes, a kith, a kin of a human clan
lying silent, motionless as if in deep meditation,
or in holy communion, obeying heaven's plan...
Flames naked in a tumultuous 'tandev',
vicious, voracious, dancing
ferociously as if never or now...
The corpse without its immortal soul
succumbed to effulgent heat
absorbing five elements from head to sole...
That is the purpose and share of ecology
that mortal atoms get detached from the
human frame and mingle with the nature absolutely...
Sanctimonious soul unscathed, fathomless,
impossible to conquer even in dreamy fantasy,
floating in its rhythm without any fuss or mess...
Yes, residue is the human ash
when anatomical realm perishes
without a hash, slash or a crash...
Heart can cry at an abuse,
body can die but not the virtues
and noble deeds will get its valued dues...
I was lost in the flamy fury –
a fury of absolute truth which
every human has to face in despondency or in glory...

KASHEER

Every morning I pray, I meditate
but unable to walk to Holy Fort
of Hari Parbat and pay humble obeisances
at Lord Ganesha's shrine gate...

Like thousands of my community brethren,
miles away from the sparkling waves
of lakes and cool shades of lanky Chinars,
I only dream about the past with a gnawing grin...

I have nothing but nagging dreams
of nostalgia, aches of exodus,
smudge of amnesia and bruise of dementia,
that smiling dimple on face is lost it seems...

The temples on the Jhelum bank
with sheeny shadows of wavering reflections
are hazy in my misty mind –
the Holy images gone blurred or blank...

I can't pluck a lotus from the lake
and offer to the Holy Feet
of Divine Mother at Kheer Bhavani
or at Chakreshwar – an oblation to make...

The hilly ride to Shankaracharya temple,
daring dive from the bridge into the Jhelum
or that boat ride in soothing Dal Lake
is a reminiscence of my index but with an oozing pimple...

To visit as a tourist is not my aim,
I am an aborigine, honour is my game,
to return to the valley is my passion not a shame
because I am a Kashmiri and Pandit is my name...

SHOWER OF PASSION

Thoughts hot and humid,
atmosphere soggy and sultry
with sweats of separation addle and acrid...
Sky of desires wayward and hazy
with heaps of hovering clouds
in black and white misty and crazy...
Wanting eyes stuck to the skies,
waiting for a drop to shy
its dew on thirsty dias...
Heart beat in irrhythmic gallop,
creating a sensuous beat
forcing passion to yelp...
Lips sealed but mind humming,
a prayer requesting rain God
to pour a blessed shower – cool and soothing...
A divine moment when roaring thunder
cracked the sky arc
creating a romantic lightening, love birds to wonder...
Within a jiffy, monsoon sounded its entry
with a shower of verve,
deserts to irrigate in vanity...
A knock at my love shore
and I was amused to see
and receive my beloved at the door...
We drenched our hungry emotions
in rain on the voluptuous patio
with a divine kiss deep and dense...


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